Old Ring Champions As They Are To-day

Notable Gathering of Former Title Holders Revives Stirring Memories of Their Famous Fights

By CHARLES F. MATHISON.

A JAPANESE of jiu jitsu proclivities and a German wrestler with boxing gloves on his hands were in a boxing ring in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Commodore a few nights ago in an effort to demonstrate the relative merits of pugilism and the bone snapping tactics of the little brown men. It looked like a tussle between a terrier and a mastiff. The novelty of the combat held the attention of the large and notable gathering, included in which were Judges of the Supreme Court, an operatic prima donna, legislators, scientists and men and women prominent in professions and business.

The wrestler pummelled the Jap with the gloves and the Flowery Kingdom athlete affixed dangerous holds to the anatomy of the German and tossed him about with reckless abandon.

This performance seemed to hold the attention of a majority of those present, but to close students of boxing there was a more attractive scene at the ringside than that furnished by the Japanese and the German. On one side of the roped square were seated a number of men who peered through the ropes at the athletes in action, and the faces of these onlookers brought back memories of stirring and spectacular events in the realm of padded mitts.

Champions of Other Days.

The faces, which wore serious, even solemn, looks, were those of men whose deeds are emblazoned in shining letters on the scrolls of pugilistic fame.

Men whose feats in the boxing ring not only brought renown to themselves but gave to the United States the well deserved reputation of possessing the ablest corps of ring men in the world. And their example, emulated by the succeeding generation of fighters, has resulted in America winning the world's championships in five of the eight classes of pugilism.

Little wonder, then, that those who had watched the struggles of these men when they were in their boxing prime should have devoted their attention to them rather than to the modern athletes doing their best to entertain.

Seated near a neutral corner of the ring was James J. Corbett, once a wearer of the heavyweight crown, and justly conceded to be the cleverest heavyweight ever developed in America. Emerging from California's sunny clime just as the gap between London and Queensberry tactics was bridged, and at a time when John L. Sullivan was regarded as the monarch of all ring gladiators, Corbett by his amazing skill, speed and endurance created a veritable sensation, not to say panic.

With the necromancy of science he transformed veteran champions into novices, and leaped to the summit of pugilistic power in an incredibly short space of time.

No one unaware of the identity of the man would have singled him out as a former great pugilist, and the transformation in his appearance was such that those who had seen him in the ring were surprised. The bristling pompadour that in his salad days rose menacingly above his brow has disappeared and his still black hair, parted in the centre, is brushed smoothly on his well shaped head. He carries himself with an air of easy self-possession, and his attire is neat but not aggressive.

His whole appearance suggests a professional man, and no doubt his stage experience has had much to do with the change.

Corbett's Fighting Days.

It is difficult to picture this man battling for sixty-one rounds with Peter Jackson, the most formidable black fighter in the history of the ring. It requires imagination to connect the Corbett of to-day with the dethronement of the mighty John L. Sullivan in the days when the Bostonian was regarded as invincible, and it is not easy to reconcile Corbett's present appearance with that of the lithe athlete who down by Coney's dancing waters buffeted Jeffries, the grizzly of the boxing ring, for twenty-three never to be forgotten rounds.

But there he sat with a quizzical smile watching the efforts of the Jap to ensnare the wrestler and the attempts of the grappler to land with effect on his opponent. And as he looked and smiled and applauded memory went back to his fighting days.

The young Californian first is seen walking the streets of New York in the torrid summer of 1892 seeking contributions for his side stake of $10,000, for the autocratic champion declined to consider a match with the stripling unless he obtained $10,000 to post as a wager on the outcome of the battle.

Turnstiles were not fashionable in boxing clubs in those days and the receipts were usually so slender the fighters were compelled to depend for earnings on the money won in wagers. After a laborious search men were found to take what was considered a forlorn financial hope, for the youngster was not thought to have any more chance against the champion than a rabbit against a panther.

Ready for the Battle.

The men who subscribed to the Corbett stake dedicated the money to sport and regarded it as good as lost before the boxers began to train. In substance the side stake was looked upon as a sacrifice on the altar of sport, for despite the youngster's assertions that he would surely defeat the great Sullivan, the devotees of boxing accepted them as the overflow of youthful enthusiasm.

But, having complied with the demands of the champion, Corbett prepared himself for the struggle, and down by the ocean at Asbury Park he trained as never athlete trained before. It is not too strong a statement that Corbett when he left his quarters was the best conditioned specimen of physical perfection that ever responded to a timer's gong.

In his 178 pounds of bone and muscle was compressed the agility of a panther, the strength of a lion, the endurance of an ox and the fighting skill of a bull terrier.

Yet the cohorts that trooped after Sullivan insisted on wagering 5 against 1 that the Californian never would hold the heavyweight sceptre in his shapely, powerful hand.

Ready for the battle of his life, came the departure of the rival gladiators for the Crescent City where the bout was to take place.

Sullivan, confident that one blow from his mighty right would take all the championship aspirations from the youth, entrained to the blare of bands and the huzzahs of his supporters, hundreds of whom went South on the champion's train.

There was no music when Corbett stepped on a train for the South, and except his able manager, Billy Brady, and a few friends the challenger was unattended.

The Sullivanic progress southward was a triumphal tour, and the jovial ceremonies continued up to the time that the champion and his youthful challenger entered the ring.

Then came a revulsion that caused the Sullivanites to stare in amazement as Corbett furnished proof that he was the master of the veteran. When it became evident that Sullivan's crown was to be snatched from his head by the youth, the jaws of the champion's supporters dropped and thick gloom settled over the camp. Even Sullivan's declaration as he arose after being counted out that he was "glad an American won," was not much consolation to the idolators of the Boston Strong Boy.

Fitzsimmons Appears.

Then came a season of glorification of the new champion and enjoyment of the fruits of victory, which continued for five eventful years. It was during the period of Corbett's triumph that the freckled and formidable Fitzsimmons appeared on the pugilistic horizon, a menace to the title holder. And it was on a bleak March day in 1897 that the freckled fists of the lanky Cornishman divested Corbett of the honors he had wrested from Sullivan. It was on March 17 that Corbett lost his title, assuredly an inauspicious day for a Son of Erin to suffer defeat at the hands of a native of Great Britain.

But after all the turmoil of a hectic pugilistic career, Corbett, serene, philosophical, useful, can smile and applaud a jiu jitsu exhibition, and express regret in a neat speech that Sullivan, from whom he won the championship, and Fitzsimmons, who defeated him for the title, were not present to enjoy the entertainment.

Seated near Corbett was Norman Selby, who boxed under the name of Kid McCoy. He also was a notable performer with gloved hands, and while lacking the avoirdupois necessary for contests with the ring giants of those days, was a most dangerous opponent for any one, large or small.

McCoy still wears the same cold, sneering look on his pale face that his adversaries saw when they looked across the ring previous to a combat with the originator of the corkscrew punch. McCoy's pallid complexion also still gives the impression of ill health that deceived so many of his opponents when he was in his prime as a fighter. He looks to-day as he did on a memorable occasion in a Western town where he had been matched to fight the village champion, a burly, red necked, heavily muscled chap.

After one look at the pale, emaciated McCoy the village favorite declared that he would not fight as he did not desire to be locked up on a charge of manslaughter. Only after assurances from those acquainted with McCoy's boxing reputation did the local champion consent to go on with the bout. In less than a minute of the first round McCoy's right collided with his opponent's chin and the big chap crashed to the ring floor. When he was revived he declared he would dislike to box McCoy when the invalid regained his health.

McCoy's Strategy.

McCoy was a strategist in and out of the ring, and the manner in which he tricked Tommy Ryan and defeated him at the Empire A. C., Maspeth, March 2, 1896, has been the subject of much mirth. McCoy had been Ryan's sparring partner, and had, according to his belief, been handled with unnecessary roughness by the champion. Intent on revenge, he managed to get a match with Ryan, and while training assiduously himself, he wrote a number of letters to Ryan assuring him that he had no chance against the champion, and all he desired was a chance to earn some money. Ryan, disarmed, neglected his training, and was out of condition when he entered the ring, while McCoy was trained to the minute. McCoy outboxed Ryan throughout and stopped him in the eighteenth round.

McCoy was matched with a behemoth named Herr Plaacke, and the bout took place in Philadelphia, April 5, 1904. The nimble Kid had trouble in getting an opening in the first round, but in the second he called Plaacke's attention to the latter's shoe. "It's untied," said McCoy. Plaacke looked down toward his foot, and an instant later was toppling to the floor from a right to the jaw.

When McCoy fought Tom Sharkey at the Lenox A. C., 110th street and Lexington avenue, January 10, 1899, the former introduced a novelty by using a steamer reclining chair in his corner, instead of the customary stool. Sailor Sharkey intimated that McCoy was quite apt to need the steamer chair. "He'll be seasick before the end of the voyage," said the sailor.

As it was, McCoy nearly scuttled the tattooed ship on the Sailor's manly bosom, for he brought Sharkey down with a thud in the third round. But the Sailor was too rugged to be kept down for the count of ten, and in the tenth round he finished McCoy, who found the steamer chair very convenient.

McCoy, like Corbett, has become an actor, and fights furiously though ineffectively on the screen.

Tommy Ryan, who won two titles and retired without losing them, is the best looking athlete of all the old timers who sat at the ringside or who entered it to show themselves to the spectators. Ryan had a wonderful career in the ring and defeated many formidable opponents much heavier than he.

He claimed the middleweight championship after Fitzsimmons had gone into the heavyweight division, and in 1895, when Jack Dempsey, the former middleweight champion, had lost his vitality and fighting ability, he was matched with Ryan. It was a cruel scheme, and but for the consideration shown by Ryan might have resulted in serious injury to the former champion. But as soon as Ryan realized the condition of Dempsey the new champion merely indulged in feathery taps that did no damage. The affair was stopped in the third round, much to the relief of the onlookers. Ryan, whose name is Joseph Youngs, was born at Redwood, N. Y., and as he took care of his ring earnings he is in comfortable circumstances.

Griffiths the Australian Wizard.

No man at the ringside attracted more attention than Albert Griffiths of Australia, who took as a ring name that of Young Griffo. The original Griffo was a famous Australian heavyweight. The present Griffo, who is conceded to have been the cleverest defensive boxer in the history of the ring, and as a featherweight was a trim looking athlete, now is gray haired, fat and unwieldy. In his prime it was his custom to wager that he would stand on a pocket handkerchief for three rounds before a selected opponent and avoid being hit. And the wizard won a majority of the wagers.

In view of his defensive skill, the fact that he wears one of the most pronounced cauliflower ears ever seen on a boxer has caused comment. This ear was a gift from Dan Creedon, then the middleweight champion of Australia. Griffo, although a featherweight, made a match with Creedon, stipulating that the middleweight would be unable to stop his smaller opponent within the limit of six rounds. Griffo was on his feet and in good condition at the end of the sixth round, but the only effective blow that Creedon landed was a heavy right hander that produced the cauliflower ear.

Without doubt the most remarkable exhibition by Griffo in this country was his ten round bout with Jack McAuliffe at the Coney Island A. C., August 27, 1904. McAuliffe rushed furiously for the entire ten rounds, swung with both hands in a desperate effort to bring down his elusive opponent but never laid a glove on him with damaging effect. On the other hand, Griffo landed a score of blows on McAuliffe's face every round. In one of the closing rounds Griffo jabbed McAuliffe in the face several times in quick succession, after which he avoided a swing from the champion. Then advancing, the Australian with a grin inquired: "Where will I hit you next, Jack?"

Despite the fact that Griffo won the bout by a wide margin, the referee declared McAuliffe the victor. It was later explained that the third man in the ring got the point records of the men mixed at the close and awarded Griffo's points to the champion.

Peering through the ring ropes, with a jovial grin on his round, black face, was Joe Walcott, who, although a welterweight, was justly feared by middle and heavy weights because of his terrific hitting. Creedon and Choynski fell before the force of his blows and Tom Sharkey is reported to have been vanquished in training quarters by the Black Demon. Walcott in his prime challenged all heavyweights, including the giant Jeffries, but the negro never got a match for the title.

Young Corbett, who, by taking the featherweight championship from Terrible Terry McGovern, at Hartford, November 28, 1901, caused nearly as great a sensation as Jim Corbett did when he defeated Sullivan, looked on from the ringside. He is high in flesh, much different from the trim athlete who flattened McGovern in the second round and sent his supporters away in a sorrowful frame of mind.

Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane, whose adamantine jaw gave rise to the belief that he was not human, still is in good physical condition and seemed to enjoy the proceedings most thoroughly. The fact that he won the lightweight title from the great Joe Gans is sufficient comment on the Dane's fighting ability.

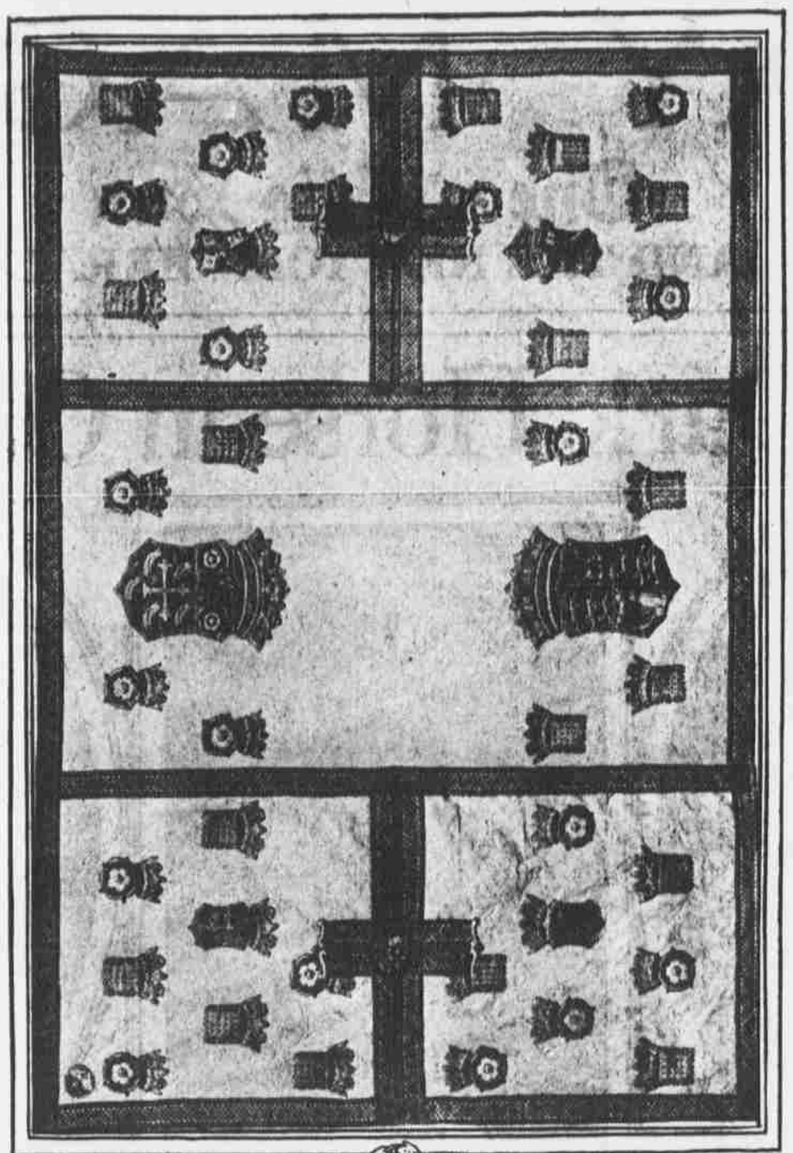
Joe Choynski, angular, but still muscular, the man who was first to knock out Jack Johnson, which feat he performed in the third round at Galveston, Tex., February 25, 1901, was in the ring. The citizens of Galveston were unappreciative, and instead of giving Choynski a belt commemorative of his victory, they locked victor and vanquished in the county dungeon, and kept them there for several days.

Choynski was the victim of a knockout at the hands of Peter Maher, the perennial champion of Ireland, at the Broadway A. C., November 16, 1896, in the sixth round. Choynski led on points by a wide margin up to the time he received the settling blow. The late Col. Theodore Roosevelt, then a Police Commissioner, witnessed the bout and at the conclusion remarked that it was a "bully fight."

Jack McAuliffe, who retired without being divested of his lightweight title; Steve O'Donnell, who could outpoint Jim Corbett in gymnasium, but never could beat Peter Maher in the ring; Frank Erne, who took the lightweight title from the great Kid Lavigne, and Mike Leonard, in his day the Berry Wall of pugilism, were also at the ringside, observed and observing.

Possibly some of these ancient warriors of the squared circle could say with Achilles: "What, are my deeds forgot?"

And doubtless many of them do not even have the cold comfort of the reply of Ulysses to the complaint of Achilles: "On time's back is a wallet with alms for oblivion."



EMBROIDERED PALL OR HEARSE CLOTH GIVEN TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY BY THE ACTORS' CHURCH UNION.

Romance in Actors' Gift to Westminster

Embroidered Pall Recalls Traditions and Personages Figuring in Age Old Link Between the Stage and the Abbey

By CANON JAMES PERKINS of Westminster Abbey.

LONDON, May 20.

THERE was dedicated at Westminster Abbey recently one of the most interesting articles of ecclesiastical furniture which the Abbey has acquired in many years; interesting because it recalls the age-old and romantic connection which the Abbey has always maintained with the stage, despite the discredit in which the ancient profession from time to time has been held by church people, because it recalls the long list of personages of the drama whose bones lie in the Abbey to-day, and because it revives strikingly a beautiful old funeral custom lately fallen into disuse.

The clergy of the Abbey to-day received and dedicated a magnificently broidered pall or "hearse cloth," the gift of the Actors Church Union. In addition to the clergy there were present most of the distinguished people of the British stage to-day. The pall will be available for all funeral services in the Abbey.

Time was when the stage was well nigh banned in England. All through the reign of Elizabeth its votaries were held in high regard. Hence it occasions no surprise to learn that the famous Ben Jonson was accorded a sepulchre within the walls of the Abbey as the merest matter of course.

Puritans Repress Drama.

With the seventeenth century the flood of Puritanism began to rise. The splendid brotherhood of dramatists characteristic of the reign of Elizabeth and the early Stuarts had passed away, and the Puritans who succeeded to power did their very utmost to repress that taste for the drama which is as a matter of fact inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race.

With the Restoration there came a great reaction, it is true, but although the last forty years of the seventeenth century were destined to witness an outburst of license, so far as the stage was concerned, which one cannot fail to regret, yet the old antipathy to the drama and the stage still continued to reign unchecked in many quarters.

Later on, during the last half of the subsequent century, this prejudice found itself reenforced by the spread of Evangelical movements. Indeed, it is scarcely going too far to say that only with the twentieth century has the old prejudice come to disappear.

Now Westminster Abbey, although its dean and chapter have not at times shrunk from drawing the line when it seemed to them right, has been free from this narrowness of outlook all the way along the line. Its cloisters are full of men and women who have been in their day among the brightest stars in the dramatic firmament. Here lie Thomas Betterton and his scarcely less famous wife. It is said Betterton's reading of the part of *Hamlet* had been handed down to him traditionally from Shakespeare himself.

Later on there came that most delightful of characters, Mistress Bracegirdle, many of whose greatest triumphs took place in Congreve's comedies, some of which were, indeed, expressly written for her. She must have been a most attractive person, for it was said of her that she could not pass the neighborhood of Clare Market (a terrible nest of slums just off the Strand, long since swept away, near to which she lived), "without thankful acclamations from people of all degrees, so that if any one affronted her they would have been in danger of being killed immediately." Mistress Bracegirdle outlived her entire generation, not passing away until the year 1748, when she was accorded the privilege of a burial hard by to the entrance of the Abbey Chapter House.

Nance Oldfield Buried in the Abbey.

Nance Oldfield, her great rival, was even more highly honored, for the dean and chapter of that day permitted her to be buried within the walls of their great church itself. She was brought out when still in her teens by the famous Colley Cibber and quickly became the acknowledged queen of comedy. Not only was she buried in the Abbey but her corpse was allowed to lie in state in the Jerusalem Chamber amid highly elaborate surroundings.

Then with the eighteenth century the stream of Abbey burials of actors and actresses broadens out still further. Barton Booth, an old Westminster boy who made a tremendous sensation by his acting of the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," and of whom it may also be said that he "made" Addison's tragedy "Cato," for eager politicians crowded to Drury Lane to see him for thirty-five nights in succession, has been honored by a monument erected to his memory in Poets' Corner.

Again, there were Mrs. Cibber and David Garrick, whose names one always associates together. The former was a brilliant musician as well as an actress. She frequently appeared at the opera and Handel is said to have written the contralto airs in the "Messiah" for her. When she died Garrick exclaimed, overwhelmed as he was with emotion, "Cibber dead! Then tragedy has died with her."

Garrick was a pupil of Dr. Johnson's and travelled up to London, in company with his great master, in order to start a wine business! He soon deserted this employment for the stage, where he won the warm approval of Mistress Bracegirdle, then in retirement, but an acknowledged authority on matters connected with the drama. Garrick won his noblest fame in tragic parts, more especially in Shakespearian characters. For thirty-eight years he held the foremost place on the English stage, not giving his farewell performance until June 10, 1776. Three years later he died at his residence in Adelphi terrace. His funeral was a signal for an immense outburst of popular affection and emotion. All the way from the Strand to the Abbey the road was blocked by a string of carriages. A guard of soldiers had to be employed to keep back the dense crowd. The burial itself, which was conducted by John Thomas, the Dean of Westminster, was arranged on such a scale that more could scarcely have been done for royalty itself. Peers carried the pall. The coffin was followed by the whole Literary Club, old Samuel Johnston standing bathed in tears by the open grave at the foot of Shakespeare's monument. Beside him were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke and Gibbon. Around them were the players from Convent Garden and Drury Lane. Five years later Dr. Johnson was himself laid to rest here, close to the spot where he had stood at Garrick's funeral.

Mrs. Siddons and her celebrated brother John Kemble form a link between the old and the new order of players. For five generations members of the Kemble family were attached to the theatrical profession. At thirteen the child appeared before the footlights, and four years later we find her sustaining the principal female part at Wolverhampton. At first, however, Mrs. Siddons was by no means successful and failed to win more than the grudging approval of Garrick. However, success came after a while and soon developed into a veritable furore. With Sir Joshua Reynolds's magnificent picture of the tragic muse before us it is not difficult to gain a vivid idea of the great actress' noble presence or to realize the rapturous enthusiasm with which she was received in *Lady Macbeth*, with which character her name will be forever associated, and indeed in many another part. She died in 1831, and her statue, with that of her brother, John Kemble, were placed side by side in the little Chapel of St. Andrew, in the north transept of Westminster Abbey.

These names are only specimens of the great ones of the stage whom the Abbey Church has delighted to honor at different periods of its history. We have been obliged to omit many whose names deserve a passing mention to say the least, but one other great prince of the drama must assuredly be mentioned, viz., the late Sir Henry Irving. His funeral so far as the Abbey was concerned must have been fully on a par with that of Garrick. Those who were present on that autumn morning in the year 1905 will not quickly forget the representative character of that vast throng or the touching manner with which the leading members of the British stage laid their burden to rest beside the graves of Dr. Johnson and Charles Dickens, with the beautiful statue of William Shakespeare looking down from above.

This year 1920 will be memorable for another event which marks the connection between the Abbey and the stage. Some years ago a most excellent organization was set up in England entitled the Actors Church Union, having for its objects the providing for the needs of actors and actresses, specially when on tour, and also to assert, speaking generally, the dignity of this ancient profession.

The idea suggested itself to the authorities some little time ago of making a memorial of their departed comrades, such memorial to be associated with Westminster Abbey. After some negotiations the offer was duly accepted by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and it was decided that the memorial should take the form of a pall, or perhaps it would be more correct to say hearse cloth to be placed over the coffin at the great funerals which take place in the Abbey from time to time.

Hearse Cloth Once a General Feature.

During the Middle Ages every parish without exception in all probability possessed its own hearse cloth, which was used at the funerals of all rich and poor, high and low, without respect of persons. These exquisite pieces of work have for the most part disappeared, but a certain number still remain, treasured with jealous and loving care, which are sufficient to convey to our minds some idea of their splendor.

Judging by the specimens which still remain to us, and the evidence afforded by a certain number of illuminations, a fifteenth century burial must have been a veritable pageant of beautiful colors. Hearse cloths were made not infrequently of some highly precious fabric, such as cloth of gold, of cloth of silver, richly embroidered in silks of the most brilliant hues, with the history of the patron saint of the church or institution to which they belonged, coats of arms conventional flowers and foliage, and so forth.

Unfortunately other fashions came in and a cloud seemed to come over the sense of beauty which once upon time was undoubtedly possessed by our forefathers.

A grand opportunity, then, has been afforded to the dean and chapter of Westminster Abbey and the members of the Actors' Church Union to initiate a more wholesome state of things. On Friday, May 7, the hearse cloth presented by them was dedicated. It was designed by the well known architect Mr. W. D. Caroe, and carried out under his superintendence by a well known church embroideress, Miss Minna Hollier of Lower Redland road, Bristol. It has been designed on the same lines as the beautiful mediæval hearse cloths of the London City companies, and, like them, it literally blazes from end to end with heraldry.

The groundwork is a rich white damask silk "powdered" with representations of the double rose and the portcullis, emblems which constantly appear in the architecture of Westminster Abbey. It displays, in addition, on either side a great shield flanked by two smaller companions. On the one side are the Royal Arms of Great Britain, recalling the fact that Westminster Abbey is a Royal Peculiar. This fine shield is supported, as it were, by the arms of the mediæval Monastery of Westminster, which preceded the Collegiate Church of to-day, and those of the present dean, the latter serving to indicate roughly the date of the presentation of the hearse cloth. On the other side are the arms at present employed by Westminster Abbey flanked by the two Cross keys of St. Peter, its patron saint, and the cross and five mallets which the heraldo of the Middle Ages always used as the badge of King Edward the Confessor, whose memory is also so very intimately associated with the Abbey. At either end where the hearse cloth hangs down over the coffin is worked a great cross in old gold color. At the point where the two arms of the cross intersect each other there has been incorporated the badge of the Actors' Church Union, prominent in which are the twin masks of Comedy and Tragedy.

Music's Effect on Various Animals

FROM time to time investigations have been made in order to ascertain whether the legend of Orpheus, the wondrous music of whose lyre entralled the wild beasts of the forests, rests upon a fact. Cornish, at the London Zoological Gardens, endeavored to discover by experiment what effect music would have upon the creatures there in captivity. With him went a musical friend, who played on the violin to insects, reptiles, birds and beasts.

The tarantulas listened, or did not listen, unmoved and sulky. They whose bite is said in fable to cause others to dance refused to dance themselves. Not so the scorpions. After a few notes had been played they became agitated and writhed and danced tumultuously, their excitement increasing with every crescendo and decreasing with every diminuendo.

In the reptiles' cages more marked effects were seen. The monitor lizard listened and swayed. Black snakes were attentive and started up and hissed. A boa crept as close as possible to the instrument and seemed enraptured.

But of all the snakes, the cobra is reputed to be the most susceptible to music, and the specimen experimented on at the zoo did not belie its fame. On hearing the violin it raised itself in the traditional attitude on its tail and spread its hood gently, swaying to and fro the while.

The first quadrupeds to which the violin was played were polar and grizzly bears, which manifested much pleasure and stood up at the front of the cages to listen. The wolves snarled and cowered in fear at the sound of the violin, with their tails between their legs, hair bristling and bodies quivering in spasms of fright. The same results were noted in the case of jackals and foxes. The sheep, naturally enough, found much pleasure in that which frightened the wolves. So did the wild hogs, the bisons and the zebras.

The elephant did not care for the music, but snorted and whistled with rage. The monkeys displayed a critical diversity of sentiment. Some listened eagerly with nods and gestures of appreciation, while others scowled and turned away in disgust.

Further experiments were made on the various animals with other instruments, especially with the piccolo and the flute. As a rule, the shrill notes of the piccolo annoyed, frightened, or enraged the animals, while the softer tones of the flute soothed and pleased them.